

Egypt Above All Abounds in Incentive

"Want-a Whiskey and Sol-a?"
 "Take-a Champ-a Churn-a!"
 These are the favorite cries, apparently for the tourist donkeys, from the sea to the second catwalk and perhaps beyond there. After any number of days, the donkey's voice is a flood of words of dried Nile mud and through the desert sands, one is sorry for the donkey who has to be so noisy. The donkey is noisy. Nevertheless, especially if the donkey has stumbled and tipped Jonathan over his head, the home of the donkey is not the principal theme of the donkey's cry. The chorus swells and the words of the donkey are not the principal thing that happens. When it does swell, what it swells is the cry of the donkey, "I'm a little bit of a donkey." The cry is a spiritual nature is like his stomach, which is double. You could think of the cry as that he is a double-minded party. The cry is a spiritual nature is like his stomach, which is double. You could think of the cry as that he is a double-minded party. The cry is a spiritual nature is like his stomach, which is double. You could think of the cry as that he is a double-minded party.

A Senator Who Has Seen Barbara Fritchie,
From the Washington Post.

"I remember seeing Barbara Fritchie," said Senator McComas of Maryland yesterday. Mr. McComas lives in Baltimore, which is near the city.

"She was quite an old woman when I saw her," continued the Senator, "and was, as she always had been, an intensely loyal woman. I have always had some doubt about the flag story, although the window from which the flag is said to have been displayed was certainly there when the incident occurred. At I heard the story, when I was a boy, it was that Mrs. Fritchie came out of her house and found some Confederate soldiers on the porch. 'Get out of here, you rebel rascals,' she said to them, sitting at the window with the cane she always carried. They ran away, and she never saw them again. There is certainly no doubt that she was a loyal woman."

A Rush of Widows With Families to Sup-

[illegible]

And their green overalls, are soiled olive-brown, like the little hands at \$10 a month, and the little feet at \$10 a month. The ordinary decorators and the creators at \$10 a month. Under the humble fingers of these honest hands, the dainty and the delicate, which the cloth boys or party moulds or smashed on hen bones, gradually take on, with a soft and delicate touch, the soft and delicate touch of the artist. And while these graceful objects come from their hands the fresh young creatures are not only not spoiled, but they are made. And one must be very sure and crabbed not to consider as very agreeable music. Their ballads are not only not spoiled, but they are made. And, indeed, are they when they see one of their friends in the street on lead that is worthy of it.

"If You See It in 'The Sun,' It's So."

This is usually as true as an advertisement of a news or editorial statement. —Ado.

Tropical Timber From Asia Piled Up on Alaskan Shores—Oregon Pines That Visit

The estimate was probably an exaggeration. The floating island was about 100 ft. in length, the longitude of the Bermuda and the latitude of Wilmington, Del. It was then in the center of the Chesapeake Bay, about 100 miles from the coast, thickly covered with tropical grass and shrubs, whose roots apparently held it together. The island was about 100 ft. in diameter, and one part until the bushes that craved it were partly set above the sea. It was in plain view from the shore, and was about 100 ft. in diameter, nearly a square with a length of about one hundred and ten feet on each side; would give a surface of about 10,000 sq. ft. It was in the early a month later the floating island was seen again. It was Aug. 25, and the Gulf Stream was in the middle of the Chesapeake Bay. It was south of Newfoundland, was approaching the Grand Banks and was in the Gulf Stream. It was about 100 ft. in diameter, on Sept. 13 and 14, two vessels came across the wanderer. There was a heavy sea, and the island was about 100 ft. in diameter. The floating mass was not

that of his enemy, and a curse on his head
as a buffer to keep up the motion which
he had given to his arms and still and
so the struggle continued. But the rather
not write freely, and he was held as a vine
to the king, and the king, in his anger,
to himself slowly, and the king, in his
of his enemy the conqueror folds a contracted
only a quarter of the tall, the king still grapsed
thrust. It was plain he had a wholesome
precaution the king applied his nostrils
to those of the ratler, and repeated
satisfied at last, it released its enemy,
will watch ready to resume its hold at the
where I left him, keeping grim guard over
of his vanquished foe. As I turned away
my and defiant as it always is, but no longer
with agony and terror, and at first

Oregon, Washington and Idaho Ex-

A Big Kentucky Oak.
From the Breckinridge News.
P. Harp of Barrett's Ferry, near Fordville, from his farm one white oak tree that was nearly thirty feet in circumference. Forty-eight feet of trunk which he made a saw log and floated to Evansville. He made a second log of 25 feet and 5 1/2 inches long. The first one-half mile on level ground through the river. It took eight horses to haul it down a first time. The second time it floated free. A nine-foot saw was purchased in Owensboro by Mr. Harp. It was cut in Owensboro. There were about 100 feet of trunk instead of forty-eight feet. The top saw log was ruined on account of rotting when the massive log struck the end.

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